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# RAINBOW GOLD

AND OTHER POEMS

BY

MURIEL KINNEY  
II



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To  
*all the angels*  
this book is lovingly  
and reverently dedicated.



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RAINBOW GOLD



## MY GIFT TO THEE

A forest tree was I  
And thou Apollo.  
My feet grew deep, oh  
Deep in earth, but high  
My head was reaching, nigh,  
So nigh to thee and to thy sky.  
Ah, glorious thou!  
Upon my leaves that dance  
Down falls thy living glance,  
And with that touch of thee  
Is born the soul of me  
Into far eternity  
Of life in wild-wood tree:  
Ah the mystic, wild-life melody,  
And the rapture of the wood  
When beneath thy kiss I stood!

I was of the sea, a mist,  
And thou Apollo.  
Ah the ways to follow  
Wheresoe'er I list!  
Deep within the caverns hollow,  
High in air among the fallow  
Cattle of thy herd,  
Till on a day,  
Thy swift, bright ray  
Shot my spray,  
And made me gay  
In crimson, green and yellow;  
And thy playing  
Through my spraying  
Caught and changed me into spirit:—  
Listen, Sweet, oh list and hear it!

A harp was I of old,  
And thou wert Apollo.  
Mute was I and hollow  
Till thy hands did hold  
And string me,  
With thy mystic soul  
In music bring me  
Into harmony:  
Didst the forest's old-time singing,  
And the ancient, deep-sea's ringing  
Waken once more in my spirit:—  
Deep within thee, dost not hear it?  
Thou heldest me thy beating heart so near,  
Struck my chords, all tense and taut with fear,  
Brought forth music from the soul of me  
Consecrate to thee through all eternity.

Joy and wonder of the wood,  
Depth and tumult of the sea,  
(And its deep serenity),  
Of them both the mystery,  
Bring I, love, to thee,  
Wrapped within my womanhood.  
Listen, dear, and thou shalt hear  
Music hid by thee  
In the soul of me  
Since that far eternity,  
When thy heart so near  
Thou heldest me,  
Tuning wonderly,  
With thee in harmony,  
All my spirit-hood  
Fetched from heaven, sea and wood.

## MY SOUL AND I

*(To My Soul)*

Oh soul, my soul, why didst thou bring just me  
To company thy servitude to Time?  
Thou voyager from vast eternity  
Oh, how hadst thou the stern temerity  
To bring this helpless me with whom to climb  
The steeps of human life, and, I with thee,  
To strive and win thine immortality?  
Was there no other, oh thou soul sublime?

Naught but an entity of suffering  
Am I. My feet how faltering, how slow!  
I am not clothed to bear the buffeting  
Of crowded ways, nor cold of mountains tall,  
Oh how thou suggest while I faint and fall!  
Let be! I cannot climb where thou wouldest go!

*(My Soul To Me)*

Oh self, myself, why dost thou me ensnare  
With impotencies? Clippest thou my wings  
To spare thy bleeding feet? All spirit things  
Need freedom. On the cruel, narrow stair  
Of thine endeavor dies my famished song,  
Which else had borne thee to the heights unwearied,  
Which else had borne for thee by ways so serried  
The buffets and the scorn, and hushed all wrong.

Let be, oh weary one, for we must go  
Rejoicing in God's freedom, hand in hand;  
With song and gladness let us win our way  
O'er stormy seas, o'er rocks and desert land.  
Through mocking crowds we'll sing our sweetest  
    lay;  
With joys divine we'll take the sting from woe.

## OUR EARTH REFRAIN

If God, upon his throne above, bend low  
Our mighty heart-strung orchestra to hear,  
All keyed to spirit music, must his ear  
Beware, as forth the pulsing pain-waves flow,  
Of anguish infinite; and listening so  
His father heart, compact with sympathy,  
Must feel of pain and love infinity:—  
Our Father, listening with his heart keyed so!

For multitudinous on earth below  
The heart-lyres, minor-strung and sensitive,  
Still played upon by all the winds that blow,  
And struck by heedless fingers punitive:  
'Twould seem e'en God's great heart to break were  
    fain,  
Touched by the anguish in our earth-refrain.

## AFTER-GLOW

Lord of heaven, hear my prayer!  
When my spirit standeth there  
Where to life the portals open,  
And the call, "come forth" is spoken,  
When I leave this life of seeming  
May it be by star-light's gleaming.  
Lord of vastness, hear my prayer!

Lord of music, list my praying:—  
I would go while winds are playing  
Symphonies upon the growing  
Leaves of trees and blossoms glowing,  
Seeming like the angels singing  
Come to waft me by their winging  
To the Lord who answers prayer.

Lord of glory, I implore Thee,  
Let not weeping sound before Thee,  
Let a glow like that of evening  
Bright'ning all the world of seeming,  
Pass into the hearts that love me,—  
After-glow of love above me,—  
As I leave, oh Lord of Prayer!

## MARIANNE

Up the winding, steep ascent  
Sings Marianne.  
She will not heed her heart's lament,  
My Marianne!

Joyously she seems to climb,  
Sweet Marianne!  
Singing, meanwhile, songs divine,  
Brave Marianne!

Caroling beneath her load  
Goes Marianne,  
Spurning still her need's sharp goad,  
Fair Marianne!

Ever before her she sees a bright gleam,  
Caught from some far-away, fanciful dream,  
A something that cheers her and makes her glad,—  
Is it illusion? Sweet child are you mad?  
Always to follow, to follow and sing,  
To follow so fondly a flickering thing,  
A will-o-the-wisp, a phantom, a ray,—  
Why is it, Marianne? Tell me I pray.  
Sweet Marianne pauses, I look in her eyes.  
The light in their depths she has caught from the  
skies;  
But the pain underneath tells the price she must pay  
For the joy in her voice as she sings her sweet lay.  
Now I see and I know all the joy-song has cost,—

The wounds on her feet count the dear things she's  
lost

For the labor of loving and bearing her load,  
For singing so joyously, spite of the goad,  
Which urges and spurs her along on the way.

Ascend, oh my Marianne, follow your ray!  
Beyond the sharp rocks is the sky so blue  
I pray you may find there your wishes come true.

Still a-winding up the way  
Goes Marianne,  
Caroling her wondrous lay,  
Sprite Marianne!

Her rippling song she flings aloft  
(Ah, Marianne!)  
While wishing death, ay, sad and oft!  
Sweet Marianne!

Ah, sing forever, Marianne!  
Sing away!  
Heaven must yield, oh Marianne,  
To thy lay!

## RUBY-THROAT

(*To G. W. K.*)

There was a sacred room where as a child  
I hushed my step and muffled soft my voice,—  
A place where ever silence might rejoice:  
Its windows gave upon a tangle wild  
Of grape and apple, linden screens beyond  
Shut in this sanctuary to the mild,  
Firm goddess of the mind, thy early choice,  
To whom was dedicate this room so fond;

But once a troop of us were summoned there  
To see a wondrous, tiny, pulsing thing,—  
A ruby set in plumes of emerald,—  
Which in thy gentle brother-hand was held.  
'Twas like the glow of Love's deep flame a-wing  
Intruding on Athene's limpid air.

## HUMAN CARE

(*To McD. M. K.*)

Oh blissful moment when from childish play  
Thy two strong arms would seize and toss me high  
So very far above thee,—very nigh  
To heaven seeming! Then my arms I'd lay  
About thy neck; and oh, the bliss to stay  
Sheltered there from insubstantial air  
A moment, in the blest security  
Of loving arms,—of happy human care!

But rarer joy when from eternity  
Thy spirit bentheth low to me in pain,  
To seize and bear my spirit far amain  
Upon the purple-scented rarity  
Of insubstantial dreams, where love is fain  
To wash away all hurt of human care.

## BEECH-TREE SWINGS

(*To C. B. K.*)

When we were children, brother, you and I,  
We used to wander through the leafy wood  
To where some giant beech-tree stately stood  
To sweep with silvery branches earth and sky;  
Ah me, how deft thy boyish fingers ply  
To weave a fairy swing of suppleness  
In which to toss thy little sister high  
Rejoicing in her gleeful happiness;

But now our beech-tree swings are of the past,  
Dear childhood days have vanished quite away.  
We may not ask that things so sweet should last,  
Nor that our lives should all be merry play;  
And yet, I would Time's sand fell not so fast  
To hide the things we love so deep away.

## A CALL TO SPRING

The long gray line of the winter sky  
Changes to a purple mist;  
For spring's sweet spirit broods the earth,  
Broods the forest, sunshine kissed,  
Snowflake-bathéd, frost-bespangled,—  
In winter's bands so fast entangled  
Only sweet Persephone  
Can his mighty forces free,—  
Set great forest's heart a-beating,  
(Beats each tiny heart's repeating)  
With love's dear message to the world.

So we stand as did Demeter,  
Hearts all glowing-glad to greet her,  
Dearest, sweet Persephone!  
"Come," we call, "oh come to me!  
Bring the things of early springtime,  
Buds and blossoms, wild-birds' wing time,  
Purple mist and rain-drop's sparkle,  
Throstle's pipe where pine trees darkle,  
Perfumes sifting through the lifting  
Airs of Zephyrs,—richly gifting  
Me. Ah, come, Persephone!"

## MY GARDEN OF HOPE

In my garden, my garden of delight,  
In my dreaming, my dreaming of the night,  
Still the places, sweet places out of sight,  
Wide the spaces, sweet spaces full of light,  
Under starbeams, in silvery moonshine white,  
Under sunbeams, golden daytime bright,  
Grows my heart's dear treasure, my delight,  
Blood-red are its blossoms, blossoms bright!

On my garden, my garden of delight,  
Deepest snows have fallen, cruel sight!  
Oh, my lovely treasure, treasure bright!  
Leaves of green have withered, withered quite,  
And the blood-red blossoms feel the blight  
Of the north-wind's blowing, and the fright  
Of the cruel fetters, fetters tight,  
Bound about my treasure, my delight!

To my garden, my garden of delight,  
To my dreaming, my dreaming of the night,  
To the wide, sweet spaces, now so white  
Under stars and gleaming moon so bright,  
Resurrection angels, swift their flight,  
Bring the key of Easter, heavenly sight!  
See my heart's dear treasure, my delight,  
Leaf and blood-red blossoms, perfect quite!

## LIFE ETERNAL

All of my treasure I would give to thee,  
Still give thee more,  
Wealth without measure packed in the heart of me—  
Womanhood-lore;

Merriest laughter I would peal for thee,  
Gladness my store,  
Molten pearls wring from the soul of me,—  
From my heart's core;

Nay, but my treasure, it is naught to thee,  
Naught is my lore,  
Of all that my love can wring out of me  
Thou keepest no store;

Therefore forth on the seas I have cast it,  
My heart and its lore,  
Neither winds nor tides can blast it,  
Nor rains that pour,  
For Love, its life, renews, rebuilds it,  
Forevermore,  
And whenever Love so wills it,  
My bark shall shore.

## THE SONG OF THE OLD CHERRY CHEST

In the forest long ago,  
I was swaying to and fro,  
Birds were singing in my leafy top  
While their nests and nestlings I would rock,  
Swaying, swaying to and fro  
In the forest, long ago.

In the forest in the spring,  
My enchanted robe I'd fling  
O'er my graceful, bare and perfect head,  
Green and white swift bursting from the red,—  
Growing, growing in the glow  
Of the forest, long ago.

In the forest at my feet  
Life's quick blood was flowing fleet  
Through the mosses, ferns and creeping things,  
While above the many painted wings  
Fluttered, fluttered to and fro  
In the forest, long ago.

In the forest, mad with joy,  
I would make the wind my toy,  
Shake his unmelodious breathing hard  
Into music. Ah, a rapturous bard  
Was I, swaying to and fro  
In the forest, long ago.

Silent now, close housed I stay  
Holding, safely tucked away,  
Household linens fair, in snowy piles:—  
Oh the forest! Oh the sweetwood wiles!  
And the swaying to and fro  
In sweet air, so long ago!

Sometimes, on a rainy day,  
When the children round me play,  
Shouting, singing, scampering of feet.  
All their merry racket sounds as sweet  
As life's pulsing, to and fro  
In the forest, long ago.

In the forest, long ago  
How life swayed me to and fro!  
How the children of the wood-folk wild  
Called and played, e'en as a human child!  
'Tis of life the ebb and flow  
Here and now as long ago.

## LOVE THE WINGED

*(Suggested by the xxth ode in the vth book of  
Ronsard)*

Swift, oh swallow, is thy flight  
Southward; and the sea-rim bright,  
Pearling all the dark land-borders,  
Guideth thee to summer weather,  
Thee and all thy flock together,  
As thy keen eye scans the waters.

Nay, but Love, swift-winged like thee,  
Came as thou in spring to me, —  
Love the wingéd still remaineth  
Nestled in my heart,  
Fleeth not tho skies be dark,  
Nestleth there tho summer waneth!

Empty is thy nest, oh swallow,  
Thou hast left it but to follow  
Shimmer of the sea-coast bright:—  
Love, the blessed, close hath nested  
In my heart,—there hath rested  
All the days and every night!

To my song his wings he giveth,  
On our song my glad heart liveth,  
Song of pure delight!  
Brightness of the sea-rim's pearlring  
In our mutual song is whirling  
Over life's deep waters bright!

## FLORENCE

The swiftly flowing Arno winds about the city  
Dante loved. Her waters, turgid yellow now,  
Anon translucent green shot through with slanting  
light  
Like Miniato's marble windows on the hill,  
Fret themselves as ever at the piers of bridges  
Over which the mighty histories of bygone  
Centuries have passed, and pass again. About  
Their storied arches foaming, she sighs, and sings  
a sad  
And melancholy strain,—of love neglected, banished,  
Crime protected, crowned, and glories won for Flor-  
ence  
By the sweat of souls divine whose love still lingers  
In the surcharged air.

Oh Florence, greatly hast thou sinned and dearly  
hast been  
Loved! Divinest suffering, most dear-wrought la-  
bors  
Made thee fair and keep thee dear! Thou memory  
Of ecstacies, dreams made permanent in stone,  
Chiselled raptures, visions tangible, thou haunt  
Of spirits banished, the very skies bend down  
To kiss thy well-loved towers, and in the silent night,  
Great Angelo again breathes low:—"Disturb me not,  
Speak softly, glad am I to sleep—a-rest in stone."

## THE VOICE OF THE BLUE BIRD

When March's windy skies are blue  
The air is vocal the whole day through  
With the voice of the bluebird.  
The voice of the bluebird sings to me  
In my inmost soul of eternity:  
"God is good to me, and to thee."

When raging March-time winds do blow,  
Whitening the earth with driven snow,  
The soul of springtime rides the blast  
Whirling down, so fast, so fast,  
While soft and clear his voice wings past,  
"God is good to me, and to thee."

The season waxes, June is here,  
Sound myriad voices far and near;  
But I list to hear in June's full choir  
The voice of bluebird, living lyre,  
Singing of love to his mate, so true,  
"I love, I love thee, tru-a-lou."

But in his joy, his ecstacy,  
He rememb'reth well his early lay,  
He bethinks him still of eternity  
For he mounts on his heavenly wings to say,  
"God is good to me, and to thee,—  
God is good to me alway!"

## THE TERNS OFF GAY HEAD

Dip and dive in the purple sea,  
Skim o'er the dancing wave,  
Glorious wings, swift shimmering things,  
Riding the flood white breasts to lave!  
And one laughs out at the drops he flings  
Back into ocean's pulsing breast,  
(Pearls in topaz finding rest!)  
And one soars high, himself to lose,  
Into thin air his fire to fuse,  
While above the bright throng's playing  
Pales the East and glows the West.  
Dancing ocean 'neath them staying  
Myriad creatures for their quest!  
And the music of their winging!—  
Wondrous soft like mystic playing  
Of a mind, or far stars singing.  
Maddest joy incarnate they!  
Soaring high o'er purple ocean,  
Finding ecstasy in motion,  
Wheeling, dipping, diving,—nay,  
Such a rhythmic sweet commotion  
Stirs forever in their play,  
That I fain would bide forever  
Gazing on their revelry!

## AYAH-NAH

(*A Gay Head Indian Myth*)

Along the sea, against the sky  
The brown path runs beneath the sun,  
Beneath the dusk and the stars;  
But a mist creeps up and blots the bars  
Of gold and red where day is done  
When sea-gulls call and curlews cry.

Along the path, against the sky,  
Whom do I see, when day is done,  
Carrying nets and fishing rods?  
Along the path she glides, nor plods,  
Into the mist that blots the sun,  
Into the mist she seems to fly.

Into the mist she fades away,  
The creeping mist that blots the sun,  
The rising mist that veils the stars,  
She glides and fades. The golden bars  
Shine again where day is done  
Out shine the stars at close of day.

Along the sea, against the sky,  
Saw ye a form that seemed to float,  
To float on the path so brown,  
Just as the sun was sinking down,  
To float, then dwindle to a moat,  
And fade away before your eye?

Along the sea, against the sky,  
Ayah-Nah is wont to go  
Carrying fish and nets and such,—  
You may reach, you may not touch  
Ayah-Nah as to and fro  
She passes slow but seems to fly.

Along the sea, beneath the sky,  
The breakers roll with crashing sound  
But Ayah-Nah will speak no word,  
Tho' all have seen, no one has heard  
Old Ayah-Nah, as o'er the ground  
She passes slow and seems to fly.

Along the sea, against the sky  
Ayah-Nah and creeping mist  
Come and go. They float on air  
Then fade away. Ah, search ye there  
To find some maid by lover kissed,—  
For this old Ayah passeth by.

## THE SOUTH SHORE SEA

Thalatta, Thalatta, purple and green,  
Oh sea, with thy shimmering, glancing sheen,  
And thy sand-dunes heaped along the rim  
Of the south shore beach where swallows skim,  
Where smoke from Moshup's pipe is seen  
Circling high into distance dim,—  
Thalatta, Thalatta, silver thy sheen!

Thalatta, Thalatta, sacred thy shore  
To Moshup the prophet wise, before  
The red man came to Aquinnah-land,  
Moshup the prophet sat and scanned  
Thy wondrous waters deep. Of yore  
He sat and smoked, vast labors planned,  
Thalatta, Thalatta, upon thy shore.

Thalatta, Thalatta, Ol' Squant is there;  
And her hair floats out on the autumn air,—  
Ol' Squant, the mighty Moshup's squaw,  
She draws her hair as a veil of awe  
Over her face for sight too fair,  
(That face no one save Moshup saw)  
Thalatta, Thalatta, neath Ol' Squant's hair.

Thalatta, Thalatta, shimmering sheen,  
On thy shore sits nature's marvellous queen,  
Veiled in mystery, Ol' Squant's hair,  
Floating soft in the autumn air,  
A dusky, fine, effectual screen  
Between our eyes and her face so fair,—  
Thalatta, Thalatta, purple and green!

Thalatta, Thalatta, the heart of thee  
Beats for Ol' Squant, the wonderful she  
The queen of nature, so vast and grand  
Who sits on thy shore mid shifting sand,  
Tossing her hair in the air so free,  
Silently brooding the life of the land,—  
Thalatta, Thalatta, she broodeth thee!

Thalatta, Thalatta, this story old  
Still to the children of men is told  
Of Moshup the great, Ol' Squant, his wife,  
Living before and after this life,  
Planning in beauty all earth to mold  
And thee, with thy multitudinous life,  
Thalatta, Thalatta, in her hair to fold.

## MUTTER-SEELEN-ALLEIN

*(On the hearth of the old Tilman house.)*

On the dead home-hearth I sit  
While the embers fall away  
Into phantoms:—formless, gray  
Ghosts of by-gone fires lit  
Here by mother when her heart was gay.

By my mother's hearth I dream  
Of her life e'er I was born,  
Of her life now I'm forlorn,  
Searching blindly for a gleam,—  
Gleam of hope to see her some sweet morn!

Here my mother stood a bride  
Tiptoeing to womanhood,  
Reaching still for higher good,  
Love and service all her pride,  
Here she stood, her husband at her side.

Ah, the red gold of her hair  
Shining in the firelight!  
Then, (it was their bridal night,)  
He and she sat in the flare  
Of their youthful hopes and dreams so fair.

Love with service, toil with tears  
Mother gave, while with the sea  
Father battled valiantly:—  
Oh, the labor, faith and fears  
Wrought and suffered here throughout the years!

Here have toiled her loving hands,—  
Underneath the sod they lie!  
That such lovely things could die  
Binds my heart with icy bands,  
Oh, my mother, far in after-lands!

Cold and very comfortless  
Is my mother's hearth tonight,—  
Weird the flickering fire-light;  
And the dead bricks motionless  
Chill my heart to utter lonesomeness.

Listen, tho', within the gloom,  
Hovering about my head,  
Hear I voices of the dead  
Bringing sweetness as a bloom  
Of youthful life within the dead-home room.

All the chill has passed away  
For I feel her love unfold  
Springing out of embers old  
Coming to my heart to stay,  
My mother's love,—forever and a day!

With my mother's soul alone  
Sit I by the embers glow,  
I will fan them,—make them grow  
Into ruddy flames,—atone  
For my doubt, and oh, my doubt has flown!

Glor'ously the flames leap up,—  
Resurrection flames of love,  
Incense, floating far above,  
For my mother's loving cup  
She has held again for me to sup.

### Envoy

Here beneath her hearth-stone's flare  
Mother's spirit, sweet and rare,  
Bideth still her child to cherish  
Lest my soul should wholly perish.  
With my mother's soul alone  
May I all my sin atone!

## REMEMBER ME

When I am gone, if thou must stay,  
    Oh sweet my heart, I would not have thee griev-  
        ing,  
But, oh, remember me each day,  
    Morning, noon and evening!

Let the morning bring a thought,  
    Sweet thought, joy-thought, oh so gently weaving  
        Sense of me full tersely wrought  
            Into all thy being.

Let the noon-tide bring to thee  
    Strong thought, power-thought, good for all  
        achieving,—  
Mayhap our Lord will let me be  
    Help for thy relieving.

And at evening when the shade,  
    Oh sweet my heart, falls aslant thy dreaming,  
        May my love which cannot fade  
            Still thy spirit's grieving.

## HEART'S-HOMING

All the tender evening, when the sun has set,  
Crescent moon low hanging in the west,  
Cadences of vespers sparrows sounding yet,  
(Each one singing near his own dear nest,)  
Purple mist low creeping, laden with the scent  
Of the blooming fruit-boughs,—all is blent,—  
Sight and sound and all things lovely are for me  
One sweet voice, belovéd, bringing thoughts of thee.

Down below the wooded bank where triliums  
blow,  
Falling waters gurgle as they flow.  
Happy waters, flowing swiftly out to sea,  
Flowing to the ocean, and to thee!  
Whip-poor-will is calling, Pewee wakes to sing,—  
(Life is quick and stirring in the spring!)  
But the only voice that soundeth glad to me  
Is the falling waters' flowing off to thee.

Off across the meadow, clover tops are green  
Till the dog-wood bushes make a screen.  
See their moons of blossoms, how the star-light's  
gleam  
Nestles in their whiteness like a dream!  
There amid their branches, perching near his nest,  
Cardinal is sleeping, sweet his rest!  
Night has hushed his singing, but the mother heart  
Of his mate is singing,—singing in the dark.

Orpheus' lyre above me sings a song of light.  
(Crescent moon has left us and the night  
Reigns supreme.) Far across the ocean bright  
Vega, star of hope, may reach thy sight.  
Ah, the brook is happy, happy Vega too!  
Both are singing joyful songs and true,  
Both are knowing of the sea and both of thee,  
Both are singing to my heart one melody!

Thus my fancy wanders, led by love of thee,  
Over field and forest, starry sky and sea.  
In those far-off countries, full of things to know,  
Hast thou thought, belovèd, "Now the triliums  
blow?"  
Dost thou miss the fragrance of the apple trees?  
And the southing of their branches in the breeze?  
Hearest thou the waters, flowing swift to sea,  
Telling thee of home, belovèd, and of me?

## THE RIVER HÉAS IN WINTER

Thou art the sunshine on yon mountain peak  
And I the stream below.

Flow, waters, flow,  
Leap to the glow and flow!

Thou wottest naught of me sunk here so deep,  
Nor hast thou thought to seek  
A thing so low.

Flow, waters, flow,  
Leap to the glow and flow!

The ice which glistens on yon mighty peak  
Is cold and dead but red  
In thy bright glow.

Flow, waters, flow,  
Leap to the glow and flow!

Its mirror shines into my rocky bed  
And red my waters flow:  
Reflected glow  
Of thy bright glance has made them so.

Flow, waters, flow,  
Leap to the gleam and glow!

My heart has caught the glory of thy smile;  
And thou, absorbed meanwhile  
In high behest,  
Hast heedlessly my rushing waters blessed,  
Hast glorified their deep unrest,  
As on they flow.

Glow, spirit, glow,  
Leap to thy fate and glow!

*In the gorge.*

*Troumouse, Jan. 1, 1912.*

## GOOD-BYE

Over the misty sea,  
Under the sky,  
Sails one so dear to me!  
Sweet, good bye.

Sailing away from me,  
Into the light,  
Wonderful things to see!  
Love, good night.

Cleaving the wine-dark sea,  
Ship of steel,  
Under the stars sails he,  
Sharp the keel!

Here on the shore with me,  
Starless night!  
Forth on the vasty sea  
All my light!

God of the mighty deep,  
Guard his weal!  
I pray thee safely keep  
His so leal!

## IN THE PURPLE EVENING

In the singing evening  
He came to me,  
In the glowing evening  
Down beside the sea.  
Then for one brief moment  
Earth and sky stood still,  
One transcendent moment,  
While his look did thrill  
All through and through me!—  
In the purple evening  
Down beside the sea.

## DAWN

The night is fair but o'er the lea  
Zephyr hints of dawn to be,  
Come, my love, oh come with me  
Under the sky e'er starlight flee.

See, on high bright Sirius gleams  
Deep in the blue of night. He seems  
Glorious as were our dreams,—  
Rainbow colors in their beams.

Soon he will fade in daylight clear,  
Lost as all our dreams so dear,  
Shamed in the prose of mid-day drear:—  
But, love, next night he will shine out clear!

And, oh, our dreams will return anew,  
Bright as ever and more than true,—  
They'll brighten our lives all through and through,  
Sunk now in sorrow like night's deep blue:

Ah, see! he is gone,—is faded quite,  
Our star in the young dawn's pearly light.  
Good bye, oh Sirius, another night  
We'll watch out here for your beams so bright.

See, love, yon gold that heralds morn  
God conceived e'er yet were born  
Stars:—or dreams were yet forlorn,  
Or hope turned cold in daylight's scorn;

And oh, dear love, our life shall be  
Once more beautiful and free,  
Glad my word shall ring to thee  
And glad thine answer back to me;

For God who loveth, e'er fulfilleth.  
God, who in our hearts instilleth  
Visions bright, will make them true,  
Bring them, all the darkness through,  
Into perfectness of beauty.

## SECURITY

Deep is the sea and wide,—  
So is thy soul.  
Deeps of the sea abide  
While tempests roll.

Down in the heart of thee,  
Under the tides,  
There thy dear love for me  
Safely abides.

Never am I afraid,—  
Calm is my soul  
While in thy depths 'tis stayed,  
Tho' torrents roll.

Hail all ye winds that blow,  
Futile are ye  
For in still depths below,  
Love shelters me.

Winter-bound tho' I be  
Waves mountain high,  
Sweet is the storm to me  
Love being nigh.

Tempest or quiet sea,  
Love let us spend  
Life; and together be  
Bound till the end.

## EBB-TIDE

The tide is out, the sands are dry,  
The sun has left the brazen sky,  
Upon the waves the white gulls lie,  
Dreamy and still, too faint to fly,  
The air breathes not e'en with a sigh;  
And oh, my heart it fain would die,  
Its hope is dead that ran so high,  
Its song is turned to moaning.

The tide is out, the aching sands  
Sea-ward stretch their parching hands,  
Swallows skim in scattered bands,  
Away from desolated lands  
They seek afar what life demands;  
And oh, my heart, I fain would fly,  
Dead is my hope that once ran high,  
My music is but moaning.

Oh tide, wilt e'er again turn home,  
With breezes lashing up to foam  
The dead ebb-waters?  
Will hope e'er come again to me?  
Will life once more be glad and free?  
Wilt one day cease, oh heart, thy moaning?

## AND GOD FLUNG OUT HIS WORD TO ME

And God flung out His word to me,  
"My child, whate'er betideth thee  
Let love fore'er abide with thee  
Suffer, strive and wait;  
For love within thy heart shall be  
A spring of life eternally,  
Conqueror of fate."

## SAILING

Oh the night it is dying,  
Day-dawn is near,  
Farewell to bed-lying,  
We'll away on the mere  
For the glad tide is swelling!

To the winds of day-dawning  
Our sails we will spread,  
On the wings of delight  
Our bark is sped,  
While the still tide is swelling!

Oh the air is opaline  
O'er wine-dark seas,  
Where they scatter pearls  
To the waking breeze;  
And the mad tide is swelling.

To the land of fulfilling  
Our way we will take,  
At the font of adventure  
Our thirst we will slake  
While the full tide is swelling!

To the keel of our bark  
I whisper low,  
To our sails and tiller,  
"Be swift to go,—  
(For the deep tide is swelling)

To the isles of sweet living  
Where pain is dead,  
To the strand of delight  
Where joy is fed  
On the tide's high swelling."

Oh high tide and still,  
Our hopes wilt fill?  
Wilt speed our going  
Thou tide, in thy deep, mysterious flowing?

## LITTLE DAUGHTER

Lily white,  
Rosy red,  
Ringlets bright  
On her head;  
Busy quite  
Till the night  
Asking questions  
With delight.  
Feet to patter,  
Tongue to chatter,  
At her play  
All the day,  
Laughter ringing

gay!

Arms that fold me,  
Looks that hold me,  
Love to mold me,  
Into a father

quite!

Lily white,  
Rosy red,  
Blessings light  
On thy head!  
Tiny mite  
Of delight  
Wield thy own sweet

sway!

## EVERYBODY'S SONG

The stars are singing in the sky,  
The nightingale below,  
The brook is singing at my feet  
Where yellow cowslips grow.

The mind song fills the arching sky,  
Great heart songs thrill the air,  
And many a tender home song  
Sings close to hearth-fire's flare.

So every little child of us  
Should sing with main and might  
The special song that's given him,—  
Let's all sing true and right.

## BIDE A WEE THY SPIRIT'S WAKING

My little one, I hold thee here  
On my breast, on my breast,  
To my heart thy heart is beating  
Without rest, without rest!

Dainty petals are thy fingers  
Sweetly prest on my breast,  
With my soul thy soul is pleading  
Unexpress, unexpress!

Life to thee my breast is giving  
Oh my best, sleep and rest!  
Do not plead for spirit's waking,—  
Only rest on my breast.

I would give thee all thy yearning,  
All thy quest,—still be blest!—  
Light thy spirit, fan its burning,  
Oh my blest, for thy best.

Just tonight I fain would keep thee  
Closely pressed to my breast.  
Bide a wee thy spirit's waking,  
Sweetest, best, stay and rest!

## A CHILD'S LOOK INTO LIFE

Wonder deep of sky so blue,  
Mysteries of earth,  
Marvels day and night all through,  
Bringing into birth  
Glories sweet of human living;  
Poignancies of mirth  
Changing swift to frantic sorrow  
For a dream's poor worth:—

Beckoning of far hills blue  
Into Fairyland,  
Building cities great and new,  
On the white sea sand,  
Dreaming of some glory fine,  
On the misty strand  
Marked by dim horizon line,  
Known as Grown-up-land:—

Swifter than kaleidoscope  
Change his scenes forever,  
Pulsing heart and thirsty spirit  
Biding quiet never,  
Dwelling e'er in heaven or near it  
Let him still persevere,  
Treading fast the onward way,  
Forward pressing ever.

## A LETTER

All the paths were lonely  
Every nook was sad,  
Now the day is lovely  
And my heart is glad,

Just because a letter  
Came from you, my dear,  
Saying in a day or two,  
You'll be with me here.

All the paths are ringing  
Now with thoughts of thee,  
Every bird is singing,  
"Soon he'll be with me!"

So my heart is merry  
That before was sad  
And the day is very,  
Very bright and glad!

## CALL TO THE RAIN

Dear little raindrops  
Up in the sky,  
In your cloud-carriage  
Floating so high,  
Come to my babies  
Planted so deep  
Down in the brown earth,—  
Soundly they sleep!

Come, little raindrops,  
Out of the sky,  
Come to my babies,  
Fly hither, fly!  
Sunbeams have wakened them  
Warm and so dry!  
Longing for raindrops  
Riding up high.

In your dirigible  
Up in the sky  
Hear you my babies?  
Hear how they cry!  
Sunbeams who wakened them  
Drank all the dew  
Now my seed-babies  
Are crying for you.

Dear little raindrops,  
    Turn on the screw  
Of your bold flyer,  
    We're waiting for you.  
All my wee babies,  
    Seeds not a few,  
Down in the brown earth,  
    Hidden from view.

Waiting, dear raindrops,  
    Waiting for you,  
Sunbeams who wakened them  
    Drank up their dew,—  
Oh my poor babies!  
    Many, not few!  
Hurry, dear raindrops,  
    We're waiting for you.

## THE REEDS OF LA CRAU

Great Pan is dead? Ah no, ah no!  
He liveth still and pipes also  
Afar on the desolate plains of La Crau.  
He pipes and plays the whole day through  
Away on the plains of La Crau, heigh-ho!  
'Tis Pan that pipes, I know, I know!  
He plays on the reeds, the reeds of La Crau.

Where is La Crau where Pan doth play?  
You go on the train, then ride all day  
In a wonderful, tumble-down one-horse-shay.  
So come with me and I'll lead you true  
Away to the plains of La Crau, heigh-ho!  
'Tis Pan that pipes, I know, I know!  
He plays on the reeds, the reeds of La Crau!

But first we must cross the ocean vast,  
Great Heracles' gates eft-soon are past,  
We land on Francia's strand at last,  
Where *oui* is we and *trou* is true.  
'Tis the way to the plains of La Crau, heigh-ho!  
'Tis Pan that pipes, I know, I know!  
He plays on the reeds, the reeds of La Crau.

Marseille's the town, I tell you true,  
Where we take the train that takes us through,—  
(Poky its pace, asleep its crew!)  
But, bit by bit, I'll win with you  
Away to the plains of La Crau, heigh-ho!  
'Tis Pan that pipes, I know, I know!  
He plays on the reeds, the reeds of La Crau.

The wonderful, tumble-down one-horse-shay  
Is waiting there in colors gay  
To take us two to the land where you  
Shall hear great Pan the long day through  
Piping away on the reeds of La Crau.  
'Tis Pan that pipes, I know you'll know  
'Tis Pan who plays on the reeds of La Crau!

## THE PINCH

I love the sky,  
I love the sea,  
I love the birds  
And every tree;  
I love the grass,  
The little brook,  
The dainty flowers  
Where e'er you look;  
I love to play,  
To laugh and sing,—  
I think I love 'most everything.

I love the crowds  
That come and go,  
As to and fro  
They pass along,  
Some with a song,  
Some with a blow,—  
And some you know  
But mostly not,—  
They're such a lot!  
And (oh, it's fun!)  
I think I love 'most everyone.

I love to dance,  
I love to sing,  
I love to walk,—  
I love to spring  
Along the beech,  
Ay, mile on mile,  
And onward still!  
I love a pile  
Of things to fill  
My day, my cup,—  
I'd like to fill my life all up.

I love a nook,  
A safe retreat,  
A many a book,  
Then curl my feet  
And let my brains  
Stretch out a bit,—  
Indulge in strains  
Of mother wit,—  
To find a clue  
And follow true,—  
Ah, that's a dandy thing to do!

But ah, the pinch!  
And where I flinch,  
And wear my flesh  
Quite to the bone,  
And moan and groan  
Each day a-fresh,—  
'Tis such a mesh  
I'm caught in fast,  
Ay, first and last!  
To turn a penny  
I cannot, any! Not a penny!

## A BALLADE OF THINGS GONE BYE

*(After François Villon)*

Tell me where, ay, where are stayed  
The powder and patch my grandam wore?  
Where the hoops and stiff brocade?  
The dainty kerchief folded o'er  
Where are the skirts, ten yards or more,—  
For less would bring my grandam's scorn,—  
Where are the things they wore of yore?  
But where are the dews of yester-morn?

Where is that graceful courtesy dip?  
Where the stately minuet?  
The dances square they used to trip,  
Virginia reel and lancers set,  
And all that old-time etiquette  
That passed so long e'er I was born?  
Oh, where's the ball-room holds them yet?  
But where are the dews of yester-morn?

Where are those quaint and stately ways  
Our forebears practiced long ago?  
Those grains of sand of former days  
So pure and perfect, running slow,  
Those sifting sands of life that flow  
Ever anew in changing form,  
Where are they now? For answer, lo,  
Say where are the dews of yester-morn?

My friend, seek not to know today,  
Seek not this thing to know, I warn,  
But hold in mind this thing I say,  
Where are the dews of yester-morn?

## LONG AGO

I was standing in the garden,  
(This was eons long ago)  
Bloss'ming trees were all about me,  
Birds were flitting to and fro,  
Violets, narcissus, lilies  
Filled the air with sweet perfume,—  
Just the time it was for loving,  
Tho' such ages long ago!

I was list'ning to the music  
On that day so long ago,  
Singing birds were quite ecstatic  
Flitting restless to and fro  
All at once I heard a footprint,  
(Hark, I hear its echo now!)  
He is coming nearer, closer,  
Breathing now upon my brow!

Oh, I dared not lift my eyelids  
On that day so long gone bye!  
God! the pain to be unloving  
When great Love is standing nigh!  
Then he knelt and gently pleaded,  
Pleaded there in accents low  
All beneath the sky of springtime  
In the garden, long ago.

I was standing in the garden,  
Ages,—eons long ago,  
Underneath the birds and blossoms,  
One before me bending low,—  
In my heart is still the echo  
Of his pleading sweet and low,—  
'Twas too early in the springtime  
For an autumn flower to blow!

## RAINBOW GOLD

When all the way has slipped behind me,  
And I find the rainbow gold,  
Mother will be there to meet me  
With the look I knew of old.

She will greet me with her smiling  
(Mother-smiles I knew of old)  
She will teach me all the secrets  
Of my rainbow gold.

Oh my mother, how thy spirit  
Shineth through the rainbow gold!  
Showing all the mystic meaning  
Of the story told of old!





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